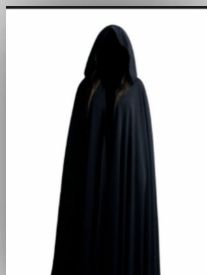




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## It's Another Assassin Story.



126 3 11

### Chapter 1 by Cat4055

"He was unconscious when I walked in!" I said, putting my hands in the air. This was true, but I had set it up so that he would be unconscious when I walked in.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk," The person with a gun said, "You're getting sloppy Laurel."

"How about you put down the gun, and let me leave." I said, hoping he hadn't noticed my knife.

### Chapter 2 by Glowzy-Druglord



"Do you really think I'm that dumb?" he asked with arch of his eye brows.

"If I say yes, do you promise to make it quick?" I said, my voice oozing with sarcasm. He shoved the gun between my eyes, grabbing a hold of my knife and yanking it out of its sheath. I swore silently, as he began to shove me into the a wall. I had never had any of my assassinations end this badly, I usually wasn't caught all that often.

"Promise," he replied, cocking the pistol. I noticed how spread out his legs were, he was putting most of his weight on his left leg. I was given an opening that I may never get again. I used my own foot to hook his leg out from underneath him, causing him to fall straight on his back. I

pounced on his chest like a cat with a mouse, grabbing his gun and knife.

"Who's sloppy now?" I taunted, flinging his gun away. "You're sloppy!" I said, "Lay low, don't show your face. That was my plan."

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Chapter 3 by AverageAuthor123



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The man was just doing his job.....probably had a family, a loving wife, maybe a kid or two. It didn't matter to me anyhow. I stood up and wiped my the blade of the knife on my cloak. The blood shimmered in the light, as I latched the sheath back onto my hip and put away the knife. I eyed the pistol cautiously. Guns never really appealed to me. Loud and sometimes faulty, the jagged edge of a knife was a much better weapon for my kind of work, in my humble opinion of course. I spit on the man's corpse and walk towards the door.

What?! Even highly skilled and deadly assassins had to sometimes use the front door.

Police sirens could be heard in the distance "Shit. Maybe I am getting sloppy." With the moon shining brightly overhead I climbed onto the roof of a nearby apartment complex. The police arrived moments later and it almost comical to watch as they searched the area. Chuckling slightly, I turn around only to be faced by another hooded creature of the night.

"Well well...we might again Laurel" The man's voice was barely above a whisper but I recognized it instantly.

"No.....it.....how? I take a step back aghast

The man slowly took off his hood and revealed his face....it was my brother.

## Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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